Doct. Harke van vrd in your eare: you be vn daga
And de Iack coward Preest.

Sir Hugh. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your vrinals about your knaues coxcomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Doct. O Ieshu, mine Host of the Garter, *Iohn Rugby*, Haue not I met him at de place he make apoint, Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So kad ydge me, this is the pointment place, Witnesse by my Host of the Garter.

Ho. Peace I say *gawle* and *Gawlia*, *French* and *Welch*, Soule-curer and body-curer.

Doct. This be very braue, excellent.

Host. Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter, Am I wise? am I politicke? am I Matchauill? Shal I lose my Doctor? No, he giues me the motions And the potions. Shal I lose my Parson, my sir *Hugh*? No, he giues me the prouerbs, and the nouerbs: Giue me thy hand terestiall, So giue me thy hand celestiall: So boyes of Art I haue deceiu'd you both, I haue directed you to wrong places, Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, *Bardolfe*, lay their swords to pawne. Follow me Lads of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let's goe.

Doct. I be-gar, haue you mocka may thus? I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

Sir Hugh. Giue me your hand Doctor *Caius*,

We be all friends:
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

Doct. I dat be vell begar, I be friends.

Exit omnes.

Enter Master Foord.

For. The time drawes on he shold come to my house
Well wife, you had best worke closely,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now will seeke my guests that come to dinner,
And in good time, see where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, Host, Slender, Doctor, and sir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: y'are welcome all.

Page. I thanke you good M. *Foord*.

For. Welcome good M. *Page*.
I would your daughter were here.

Page. I thanke you sir, she is very well at home.

Slen. Father *Page*, I hope I haue your consent
For Mistris *Anne*.

Pag. You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for Master Doctor.

Doct. Be-gar I tanke her heartily.

Host. But what say you to yong master *Fenton*?
He capers, he dances, he writes verses, he smels
All Aprill and May: he will cary it, he will carit,
Tis in his betmes he will carite.

Pa. My host not with my consent:
The gentleman is wilde, he knowes too much:
If he take her, let him take her simply;
For my goods goes with my liking,